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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1909.

Cigarettes and Midshipmen.

A new qualification has developed for
nominates for the position of midshipman
at the Naval Academy. Representative
Taylor, of Colorado, who has two such
places to fill in his district during the
coming year, has given notice that in-
eligibility to appointment will be created
by the cigarette habit; that is to say,
youths who desire to obtain Representa-
tive Taylor's favorable consideration in
filling these two positions—so far as he
is able to perform that function, depend-
ent upon the result of the usual entrance
examination—must not be addicted to the
consumption of the destructive and de-
moralizing cigarette. This attitude on the
part of the Congressman has meritorious
characteristics which it would not do,
presumably, to disparage. It is far from
our intention to contribute any comment
which shall frustrate Mr. Taylor and
his associates of the same mind in their
purpose to establish a new condition
which must be met by candidates for
admission to the Naval Academy.

It is possible, however, that this loyalty
to a worthy cause may be carried to an
unjust, if not absurd, extremity. It is
pretty safe to say that the youth who
smokes the pipe, cigar, or cigarette to
excess is destined to be rejected in the
physical examination, which is a severe
one, while it is within the limits of the
possible that a deserving youth, capable
of making an excellent naval officer,
would fall of appointment as a midship-
man by reason of this new standard.
Most of those who have the power to
appoint young men to the Naval Academy
and to the Military Academy—exercise it
for their benefit to them. The privilege
becomes a valuable asset in the
relations of the Representative or Senator
to his constituents, notwithstanding the
fact that some of them resort to com-
petitive and unrestricted examination to
determine the nominees on the basis of
relative merit. This arrangement is emi-
nently fair to all aspirants and, with
the exceptions at the Naval Academy, ought
to be sufficient in the way of entrance
qualification without the virtuous and
reformatory process of elimination adopted
by the Colorado Congressman. And this
conclusion may be entertained without
injustice to the author of this new
condition and without advocacy of the
cigarette habit.

A Disappointed Maiden.

A woman who has rejected five suitors
has written an essay upon "Some Faults
of American Men." Needless to say, no
man would have the courage, even if he
possessed either the imagination or the
facts, to discuss a theme so rude as
"Some Faults of American Women." But
she at least has as material a negative
basis, even if she consistently declined
matrimony. It appears that all those
who wooed in vain this maid severe
were men of collegiate education and
professional training. What requirement
did they lack? Their fault, it appears,
was that they did not sympathize with
the interest of this fair one in music,
art, literature, and social life. They were
all conventionally moral, but also ex-
cessively dull. They had not the savoir
faire of the European gallant. They did
not discover little corners where to take
tea; they did not plan moonlight rides or
play the piano. Their love-making was
too direct and practical, devoid of
romance; and so this strict Portia judged
them adversely.

It is to be noted that this severe critic
is herself a college graduate. Perhaps
she has had more leisure since she
emerged from classic shades to regain
their charm and to cultivate the traces
of scholarship than have the men, forced
to confront the concrete problems of the
work-a-day world. But a more plausible
conjecture is that precisely the right story
has not put in its appearance. There are
men who contrive to fight the battle
of life and yet to retain the aptitude to
please characteristic of the parlor knight.
This fair lady may rest assured that
chivalry has not vanished, even if Don
Quixote tilts only in the pages of ironic
Cervantes.

Getting at the Facts.

Professors at the University of Chicago
have never been noted for their conserva-
tism, and as a result, the reputation of
that great institution has suffered in the
eyes of the educational world. But not
even in their most irrational asseverations
have these professors gone further astray
than did Prof. Frank Albert Petter, of
the department of political economy and
philanthropy at Cornell, Tuesday, when he
told the students that Chicago was a city
of dilapidated homes, a shanty town.

According to the press dispatches, which
are reasonably certain to be correct, Prof.
Petter said: "The visitor sees a veneered
city of brick covering a wooden tumble-
down shanty town."

garbage cans would not be so bad if they
were emptied once a week, but if one
visits an alley in August, when the cans
have not been emptied since July, he
realizes that here is a sanitary problem
of some importance."

Had the Cornell professor taken time to
investigate, he would have found that
Chicago alley conditions are no better nor
worse than in any other large city.
Garbage collections in Chicago are made
daily, and the alley gets its share of
attention. The death rate of Chicago
goes far to disprove this criticism of the
city.

As a fitting climax to the horrible con-
ditions which only a college professor or
a philanthropist, seeking for a text for a
muck-raking lecture, can find, the in-
structor of youth and the guiding spirit
in uplift work and reform concludes in
the following words, again quoting him
from the press dispatch:

"Lodgers sleep in relays, and the bed
clothes never get cold. The day workers
sleep during the night, and when they go
to work in the morning, the night work-
ers take their places."

Had the professor of philanthropy said
that such conditions could be found
among the very poor of any city, he
would have been truthful, for so others
tell us. This lecturer, however, makes
a sweeping statement that this is a cus-
tomary habit in Chicago.

It is such use of language that makes
the college professor the discredited man
that he in many cases is. The good
work of 100 rational-speaking gentlemen
can be undone by one or two men who
talk on topics with which they are not
familiar, or use such exaggerated lan-
guage as to invalidate anything else they
can say.

An Indiana Arcadia.

In all probability, you never heard of
Orlean, Ind. It is doubtful, moreover,
that Orlean ever heard of you, unless you
are some personage of great importance
and renown, which is not likely. But
if you are the ordinary, wholesome, good-
natured person we suspect you to be, you
will be interested in a little story coming
out of Orlean—a curious and engaging
recital, indeed.

The good people of Orlean forgot to
hold a municipal election the other day,
which, under the law and the charter of
the burg, they most assuredly should
have held. The terms of the mayor and
councilmen expired by limitation some
time ago, but so quietly and unostenta-
tiously that nobody noticed it until long
after it was all over. Then one of the
councilmen bethought him that something
was wrong. It appears to have been a
vague notion only, however, so he hid
him to a fellow-councilman and inquired
of him concerning certain dates, and so
on. By and by, it transpired that there
was no legal city government whatever
in existence, and that the election
through which the same should have
been provided was not only long past
due, but gone to protest. "Why," said
the mayor, who really was nothing more
than a near-mayor at the moment, "I
am not the executive head of this town.
It has no head; nor has it any feet or
hands. We are simply running free for
all. Still, everything seems to be going
along all right, and I hardly see where
we have lost anything, if it is a little
irregular."

What a peaceful, restful, happy place
Orlean must be. So satisfied are the in-
habitants thereof that they actually for-
get all about politics, elections, campaign
pledges, and what not of that persuasion!
No pointing with pride or viewing with
alarm for them. No abuse and mud-
slinging and severing of friendships. No
blasting of characters and reviving of
ancient scandals. Nothing of that sort
in this Indiana Arcadia. There all is love
and sweet content.

The grass may grow and the cows may
roam on the so-called streets of Orlean.
It may be a mere flag station along the
Squeedunk branch of the X. Y. Z. sys-
tem, for aught we know. It matters not
to the purpose of this argument. Orlean
is a blessed place, an excellent place, a
haven, in fact, for those who would flee
"far from the maddening crowd's ignoble
strife." Therein must dwell that perfect
peace that passeth all understanding.

Think of it! They actually forget to
hold elections in Orlean!

Mr. Taft's Thanksgiving Day proclama-
tion was slightly belated, of course. Still,
gentle reader, if you were President and
had just returned from a 13,000-mile swing
around the globe, and you found a Chi-
nese minister puzzle, a Ballinger-Pinchot
rumpus, and—well, you might let a few
things slide yourself, you know.

"Nothing could be funnier than Herman
Ridder's tender of the Presidency to
"Uncle Joe," on behalf of the newspapers—
is it really happened?" says a contem-
porary.

Yes, indeed; something could
have been funnier. "Uncle Joe" might
have accepted the tender, for instance.

"A reformer seems to make Philadel-
phia madder than a hatter," says the
Rochester Herald. Which is not a cir-
cumstance to the state of mind Philadel-
phia brings about in a reformer.

"Col. Roosevelt refers to the gruffs as
one of the lower animals," notes the
Grand Rapids Press. Up and at him, Dr.
Long!

Curiously enough, it was not Mr. Roose-
velt's emphatic denial altogether that
convinced his fellow-countrymen that his
reported demise was excessively exag-
gerated.

A waiter in one of New York's swell
restaurants died recently, and left an
estate footing up nearly half a million
dollars. He must have been a good wait-
er, too, for he evidently died young.

"I'd love to go 'way back, I would,"
sings Post Judd Lewis, in the Houston
Post. Go on, Judd, and sit down.

Col. John W. Gates is going South soon.
If the colonel is looking for somebody to
bet him a million, he is headed for the
wrong territory. Since cotton tipped 15
cents few people down that way care to
make small bets.

paragraphs, we put the rollers under
them long ago. Says F. P. A. in the
New York Mail. Still, all three topics
served a purpose in that paragraph, eh?
as they do here, of course.

"The House of Lords is an indolent,
useless institution, anyway," suggests
London Truth. Infected with "dook"
worms, of course.

An automobile recently made a mile
in thirty-eight seconds. You probably
are mistaken in thinking it the one that
brushed by you so precipitately last even-
ing, however.

The award of \$10,000,000 to Mrs. Astor
doubtless will suggest to Mrs. Howard
Gould what might have happened in her
case had she not elected to make such a
fuss about things.

"Dr. Caroline Hedger told a Chicago
audience of women that it is a crime to
deceive children with the stock story,"
says the Norfolk Landmark. If Caroline
is looking for a little advertising, here
is our contributory mite.

Among all of our infant industries, the
sugar trust is distinctly not the one de-
serving to be known as the "candy kid."

Away down in our hearts we have a
feeling that one of the preliminary an-
nouncements of the next Presidential
campaign is not going to be, "You'll take
Taft, or you'll get me!"

Radium quotations apparently vary con-
siderably. It is marked up in one place
at \$2,500.00 per ounce, and in another at
\$3,000.00 per ounce. Prospective purchas-
ers of radium will do well to note the
advantages of buying it in pound lots.

It may soon come to the point that the
only friends the English peers have will
be found on the list of American heir-
esses.

Lady Cook has returned to England in
disguise. She says she can do nothing for
the cause in this country until the women
learn to consider their personal appear-
ance less. Is it possible that one must be
a fright before one may hope to be a real
militant suffragette?

So far nine football players have been
killed this season, and the Thanksgiving
games not yet played. Is the "sport"
worth while? Is it?

"Augusta, Beverly, Cincinnati, Wash-
ington. We trust the President keeps his
homes alphabetically listed in his heart,"
says the Augusta Chronicle. The Presi-
dent is mindful of the injunction laid
down in Matthew, xix-33, however, read-
ing: "And the last shall be first."

Mrs. Daniel Frohman, who was also
Miss Illington, is now Mrs. W. We forget.
And, somehow, we are rather glad of it.

"The sugar trust now proposes to get
the scalp of Collector Loeb," notes the
Wichita Eagle. Unless Mr. Loeb succeeds
in getting the sugar trust's goat previ-
ously, which seems more than likely at
this stage of the game.

PRINTED OF PUBLIC MEN.

The President and Congress.

From the Boston Herald.
The President will soon have Congress on his
hands and foursome will give place to tireless.

Mr. Cannon's Humor.

From the New York Evening Post.
Anything quite so humorous as Speaker Cannon's
chance that Herman Ridder offered him the Presi-
dency, on a silver platter, with the compliments
of the metropolitan newspapers, if he would repeat
the duty on print paper, we have not read this many
a day.

Mr. Taft and Canada.

From the Philadelphia Press.
In view of the President's market in Canada for
American commodities, as well as for other reasons,
it is scarcely possible that the President will do
anything to mar the existing pleasant relations with
our Northern neighbor.

Mr. Meyer and the Mississippi.

From the New York Sun.
One simple fact stands out in the equation of the
deep water improvement of the Mississippi Valley
stream, and that is that Secretary Meyer, of the
Navy Department, had better put on his
fighting clothes or get ready for a quick retreat to
the billiard table.

Mr. Aldrich's Revelation.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.
In spite of his disclaimer, Mr. Aldrich is making
it plain in all his Western speeches that he is try-
ing to prepare the public mind for some kind of a
financial institution, or "credit regulation," as a
remedy for the defects and weaknesses of our
banking and currency system.

Mr. Howell's Comparison.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.
William Dean Howells, after a careful study, has
decided that native and the sense of humor are more
fully developed in England than in America. Mr.
Howells probably bases his decision on the nature
of the humor and satire.

Mr. La Follette's Regret.

From the Providence Journal.
Senator La Follette will not add to his popularity
with the Old Guard by expressing his regrets for
Mary Tim L. Johnson's defeat. The incident,
however, illustrates the tenuous nature of party
lines at the present time.

Mr. Roosevelt No Procrastinator.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
No Spanish blood was transfused into the Roose-
veltian circulatory system as he dashed up and
around—San Juan Hill, and he is not the man to
set off until 1913, although it may look feasible
in 1912.

Mr. Loeb Working Hard.

From the Springfield Union.
Certain interests are shouting hard against the
sugar trusts and at the same time are demanding
that Collector Loeb be ousted from the service he
is working loyally to reform.

Horrible Inflections.

From Puck.
Frat Secretary—They say young Sap-
head will never recover from that hazing the
fellows gave him last week.

Frat President—No, I like a little fun
as well as anybody, but I told the boys
they were going too far with him. No
one had any kick coming if they rode him
on the red-hot rail, or tied him to the
cable of fire for the night, or even kept
him in the vault two days between two
nigger corpses; but when you tell a fel-
low his father has heard that he smokes
cigarettes and that his mother is coming
to live here the rest of the year I call it
downright torture.

Southern Trains.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.
"What is the reason?" began the irritat-
ed traveler from the North, "that the
trains in this part of the country are al-
ways behind time? I have never seen
one yet that ran according to its sched-
ule."

"That, suh," replied the dignified Geor-
gian, "is a matter that is easily ex-
plained. It is due to Southern chivalry."
"Southern chivalry? Where does that
come in?"

"You see, suh, the trains are always
late in this country because they wait
for the ladies. God bless them!"

Not to Blame.

From the Ohio State Journal.
Loeb is doubtless very glad that the
Bullinger incident didn't occur a year
ago, as thus far he has escaped all blame
in connection with it.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

WRITING A NOVEL.

Some writers, I have heard it said,
Prefer to do their work in bed.

At times, I suppose,
They gently doze.

At others go full steam ahead.

It seems to be a pleasant game,
And if a fellow tried the same

Perhaps he might
Snooze overnight

And wake some morn to sudden fame.

A Sad Case.

"Dear, you differ with my father in
politics and in religion. But if you will
make a small sacrifice we may yet win
his consent."

"What is this sacrifice?"

"Be on his side in this polar contro-
versy."

"I'll see him hanged first!"

And thus was another tender romance
blighted.

Her Method.

"Always do your own marketing, my
dear. That's the old-fashioned way."

"I do, grandma—by telephone."

Alter Your Tastes.

Oh, do not sigh for bread or pie,
For what's the good?

Just be a judge of home-made fudge
And angel food.

Is This True?

"Why don't the common people get
more?"

"Because they don't exist as a body.
Every individual thinks he is slightly su-
perior to the general run of humanity."

His Vague Idea.

"What is this statute of limitations,
hubbub?"

"I think it means that all campaign
pledges are outlawed in three weeks."

A NATIONAL NEWSPAPER.

Commissioner West's Resignation
and The Washington Herald.

From the Rochester Herald.
Henry Litchfield West, for upward of
six years a Commissioner of the District
of Columbia, has tendered his resignation
to the President, to take effect December

1. Mr. West is an old newspaper man, as
distinguished from what is sometimes
known as a journalist, and it is a pleas-
ure to note that his retirement from of-
fice is due to his determination to return
to newspaper work. He has formed a
financial connection with The Washington
Herald, and will assume charge of its
business policy with the beginning of the
month.

We are disposed to congratulate Editor
Scott C. Bone upon his good fortune in
securing Mr. West's help in managing
his husky three-year-old, which gives
such promise of success in the newspaper
field. That Mr. West will add strength
and stability to The Herald cannot be
doubted, and by this combination of
forces we hope to see it grow into that
for which the portents are already favor-
able—a great national newspaper, fear-
less and independent. Such a newspaper
the capital of the nation needs.

From the Hartford Times.
Henry Litchfield West, one of the three
Commissioners of the District of Colum-
bia, yesterday handed his resignation to
President Taft, to take effect on the ap-
pointment of his successor. Mr. West
was appointed for his third term as
Commissioner about a year ago, and his term
still has two years to run. Mr. West is
an old newspaper man, and the explana-
tion of his retirement from office is that
he will be associated with Scott C. Bone
in management and publication of The
Washington Herald.

PRO AND CON.

Charlotte Observer: "Welcome home,
Mr. President," trills The Washington
Herald. If The Washington Herald has
been reading itself it must know that
President Taft calls home Charleston.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Nashville
American says it takes "four clerks,
seven stenographers, two boys, and a
messenger to do a man's work" in Wash-
ington. The Washington Herald para-
grapher will find little comfort in this.

Chattanooga Times: "Superficialities ap-
peal to the average woman more than
they do to a man," says The Washington
Herald. If superficialities didn't appeal
to women, many editors, and others,
would still be single.

Atlanta Georgian: "I send thee roses in
my dreams, sweetheart," warbles an
Alabama poet. And The Washington
Herald remarks that this is the best
he can do, he must be a tight-wad.

Rochester Herald: "And after the flies
are exterminated, as the scientists say
they must be, it is to be hoped it will
not be discovered that the flies held in
check something worse," says The Wash-
ington Herald. Twenty-five years ago
the scientists were laboring to prove that
the fly was the greatest scavenger that
ever happened.

Richmond News Leader: "Why should
English statesmen complain so bitterly
that the suffragettes throw bricks at
them?" asks The Washington Herald,
and then adds: "It is notoriously true
that women never hit anything at which
they throw." True as a rule, but there
may be a cross-eyed suffragette in the
mob here and there on occasions.

Beaumont Enterprise: The Washington
Herald thinks that Sir Thomas Lipton,
who wants the yachting rules changed
so that he will have a better chance,
would be a Democrat or an insurgent if
he were a member of the American Con-
gress.

Atlanta Constitution: The Washington
Herald refers to them as "The gentle suf-
fragettes." You see, they are about to
move on Washington.

Savannah News: Says The Washing-
ton Herald: "A Savannah man climbed a
pole 200 feet high recently on a \$2 wager.
As he neglected to bring some Eskimos
down with him, however, he probably
lost the bet." Possibly he left his records
at the top. Anybody who doubts that
he made the ascent, as claimed, is at
liberty to climb the pole and look for
the records.

Norfolk Virginian-Pilot: "Is there a big
city in this entire country wherein the
principal streets are not frequently and
all but persistently torn up at the most
opportune moments? If so, the inhabi-
tants thereof ought to pin medals on
themselves for being wonderfully and
uniquely blessed," says The Washington
Herald. Well, nobody down in this burg
is wearing medals on that account. Nor-
folk's streets, with their red and white
lights, resemble nothing so much as a
railroad yard. The citizen who manages
to get home without accident counts him-
self thrice fortunate, and he is.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

Cooking and Matrimony.

The problems of feminine cooking and
matrimony. This is illustrated in the
case of a dame of St. Louis, who visited
a dime museum and was fascinated by a
"human ostrich." She married him in
recent time and explained that she had
lost her heart when she saw this ar-
tist eating tacks with conscientious asid-
uity and seeming gusto. Her inference
was that it would be "just heavenly" to
cook for a man like that. She need fear
no post-humeral reminiscences about the
pleat that his mother used to make. Again,
here comes the experience of a young
woman of Shenandoah, Pa., who is the
president of a Splinters' Society. She
summoned about her all the best cooks
in that organization, and invited the mem-
bers of the Bachelors' Club to a feast of
pie. Many of them responded, and the
others resigned from the club, which has
ceased to exist. It is prophesied that the
wedding bells will henceforth ring more
frequently in that town of antracite.

School Municipal Training.

The plan of the woman superintendent
of schools in Chicago, of instructing
pupils about the institutions, public and
industrial, of the city, receives imitation.
One high school in New York City re-
quires the students to obtain accurate
knowledge respecting the city charter,
to know about the different public of-
ficials, their terms of office and duties,
to become acquainted with the work of
different city departments, to attend
public hearings and get a general idea
of the financial system that obtains in
municipal affairs. There is no text-book,
and the principal directs students to the
newspapers, each one being trained to
distinguish between important and un-
important things and to keep a scrap-
book. The New York High School of
Commerce has a course on New York City,
extending through the first year. In
Cleveland also, pupils are required to
study the geography, history, and govern-
ment of the city.

The Black Diamond.

Science does not explain why all the
black diamonds in the world seem to be
concentrated in an area of about 235
square miles in Brazil. The riddle is un-
solved. At the Kimberley mines in
Africa none of the genuine black dia-
monds have been found, and in the
Brazilian fields none of the crystal form
has as yet been taken up. The black dia-
mond is practically indispensable as a
means of drilling, being harder than
the real diamond and at the same time
tougher and not so brittle. Before it
was discovered with the danger which seems
to make deep borings, but with its aid
it is now possible to go down further
than ever before through the solid rock.

Women Who Fly.

Women are taking up the sport of the
air since the wife of an army captain set
the example, through the courtesy of Wil-
bur Wright. That expert took up several
women passengers on the other side, in-
cluding his sister, Miss Katherine Wright,
Mrs. Leon Boller, Mrs. Lazar Weller, Mrs.
Hart O. Berg, and Countess Lambert. A
few weeks ago Capt. Cody, the American
inventor, who is building aeroplanes for
the English government, took Mrs. Cody
on an aerial voyage. DeLage has also
taken up a woman passenger. More
American women have tried the balloon,
Mrs. Carl E. Myers, of Franklin, Pa., is
the dean of woman pilots and has made
numerous ascensions alone and with pas-
sengers. Mrs. C. A. Cory, of Chicago, is
the dean of the group with the greatest air,
and regards riding the breezes as not
more perilous than automobile speeding.
Mrs. J. C. S. Miller, of Franklin, Pa.,
holds the record, being the only woman
in this country to go up in a dirigible bal-
loon. Mrs. Julian Thomas has made a
number of ascensions with her husband,
and Miss Natalie Forbes with her father,<